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The Bullfinch

London

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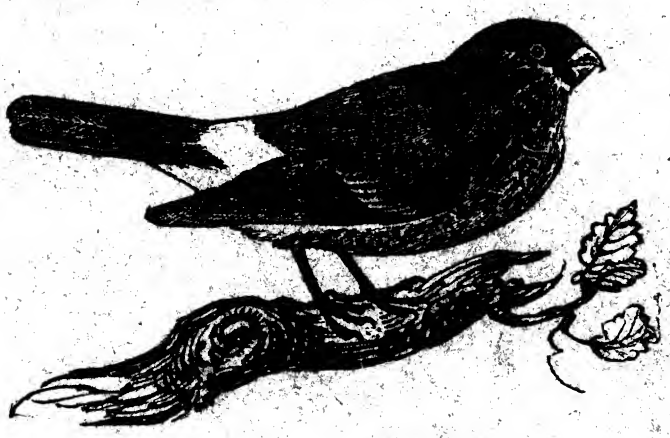
THE

BULLFINCH:

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.



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LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. S. JOHNSON, 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS.

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THE BULLFINCH.

LITTLE ROSE.

Words by Heury H. Paul.

Little Rose is full of mischief,
Laughing all the live-long day;
Merry as a chirping chricket,
That mid flowers loves to stray,

Ringlets floating rouud her forehead,
Give her such a dreamy air,
Lips that seem to say, half-parted,
"Come and kiss me if you dare.'

Little rose is fresh and blooming,
How ideal is her form;
Gentle, kind, and full of goodness,
And a heart that's true and warm.
Then her voice so sweet and winsome,
Ah, it is some fairy dream!
Tones like silver linger round me
As the music of a stream.

Little Rose lives in a cottage,
All embowered in a dell,
Front of white, and wall of woodbine,
Were the linnets love to dwell.
There mid beauty, Rose is happy,
Sunshine, flowers, leaves of green—
Revelling in pomp of nature,
None more happy e'er was seen.

Song of the Haymakers.

The noontide is hot, and our foreheads are brown,
Our palms are all shining and hard
And hard is our work with the wain and the plough,
Oh! but poor is our daily reward
But there's joy in the sunshine, and mirth in the lark (head—
That skims whistling along over
Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,
And there's peace in our meal of brown bread.
We dwell in the meadows and toil on the sod, (gloom—
Far away from the city's dull
And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be,
Than the pale faces over the loom.

Then a song and a cheer for the bonny green stack, (high—
Climbing up to the sun wide and
For the pitchers and rakers, and merry haymakers,
And a beautiful Midsummer sky.

Come forth, gentle lady—come forth, dainty sirs,
Pray lend us your presence awhile
Your garments will take no stains from the burrs, (smile.
And a freckle won't tarnish your
Our carpet's as soft for your delicate feet
As the pile on your velvetted floor
And the scent of our greensward is surely as sweet,
As the perfume from Araby's shore.
Come forth, noble masters—come forth to the field,
Where freshness and health may be found—
Where the wind rows are spread for the butterfly's bed,
Andthe clover bloom falleth around

'Hold fast!' cries the waggoner, steady and quick,
And then comes the hearty gee wo!
While the cunning old team horses manage to pick
A sweet mouthful to munch as they go.
The tawney-fac'd children come round us to play,
And bravely they scatter the heap,
Till the tiniest one, quite outspent with the fun, (asleep.
Is curled up with the watchdog
Old age sitteth down on the haycock's crown,
At the close of our labouring day,
And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,
May be pure at its passing away.

There is a Flower that bloometh

There is a flower that bloometh,
When autumn leaves are shed;
With the silent moon it weepeth,
The spring and summer fled,
The early frost of winter,
Scarce one tint hath overcast,
O pluck it ere it wither,
'Tis the mem'ry of the past,

It wafteth perfume o'er us,
Of sweet, though sad regret,
For the true friends gone before us,
Whom none would e'er forget
Let no heart brave its power,
By guilty thoughts o'ercast
For then a poison flower
Is the memory of the past.

There was a Jolly Miller.

There was a jolly miller once
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blythe than he:
And this the burthen of his song
For ever used to be—
'I care for nobody—no, not I,
If no one cares for me!'

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Genevieve the star of Seville.

[Music—at Jefferys and Co's.]

Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve!
In beauty's light you glide along,
Your eyes are like the stars of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song:
Yet not heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow.
Within your soul a voice there lives,
It bids you bear the tale of woe!
Star of my heart, sweet Genevieve!
Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve!

When sinking low, the sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretched to save.
Fair as the bosom of the swan,
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love you, Genevieve.
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love you, Genevieve!
Star of my heart, sweet Genevieve!
Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve!

We never see him now.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

We never see him now,
Yet oft we breathe his name;
Howe'er from us his heart may go,
We feel for him the same.
Though cruel to forget
True friends that lov'd him so,
We chide not, but regret
We never see him now.

The friendship he display'd
We still believe sincere;
And tho' his conduct some upbraid,
It glads not us to hear.
When those he loves look cold,
And false hearts falser grow,
He'll think of friends of old,
Who never see him now.

Cease those sighs.

Cease, cease; those sighs I cannot bear.
Hark! hark! the drums are calling;
Oh! I must chide that coward tear,
Or kiss it as 'tis falling.

Eliza, bid thy soldier go;
Why thus my heart-string sever?
Ah! be not, then, my honour's foe,
Or I am lost for ever.

Trust Benevolence above,
With mind resigned and steady;
He'll never wound, believe me, love,
The heart that's broke already.

Serene yon dreadful field I see,
Whatever fate betide me;
Thy shelter innocence shall be,
And I've no wish beside thee.

Maids of merry England.

Tune—"Merry Bells of England."

Oh, the maids of merry England, so beautiful and fair,
With eyes like diamonds sparkling, and richly flowing hair,
Their hearts are light and cheerful, and their spirits ever gay.
The maids of merry England how beautiful are they!
They are like the lovely flowers in summer time that bloom,
On the sportive breeze, shedding their choice and sweet perfume,
Our eyes and hearts delighting with their varying array,
The merry maids of England, how beautiful are they!

They smile, when we are happy; when we are sad they sigh;
When anguish rings our bosoms, the tear they gently dry,
Oh, happy is the nation that owns their tender sway.
The maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!
Then ever, like true patriots, may we join both heart and hand,
To protect the lovely maidens of this our father land!
And that Heaven may ever bless them we all devoutly pray.—
Oh, the merry maids of England, how beautiful are they!

Little pigs.

Little pigs lie on very good straw
Straw, straw, shan diddle daw
Little pigs, &c.
Lillipulari, my dad was a bonny wee man.

Little pigs eat the best of praties,
Praties, praties, shan diddle daties
Little pigs, &c.

Little pigs make the best of bacon,
Bacon, bacon, shan diddle daken!
Little pigs, &c.

And there's an end to our little song,
Song, song, shan diddle dong.
And there's an end &c.

Love and Friendship.

Away, light vows of woman's love,
Falsely sweet—deceitful ever,
You weave a flow'ry chain to prove,
How easy 'tis their links to sever.
But come, sweet frendship's sacred tie,
And bind my heart in joy for ever,
The flowers of love soon fade and die,
But those of frendship wither never.

Village-born Beauty.

See the star breasted villian to yonder cot bound,
Where the sweet honeysuckle entwines it around,
Yet sweeter, far sweeter than flower e'er seen,
Is the poor hedger's daughter, the pride of the green.
But more, never more, will she there please all eyes,
Her peace of mind withers, her happiness flies!
See pauses, sighs, trembles! and yet dares to roam,
The village-born beauty's seduced from her home.

From a post-chaise and four she's in London set down,
Where robb'd of her virtue, she's launch'd on the town;
Her carriage, her servants, and jewels so gay,
Tell how high she is kept, and o'er all bears the sway!
At the Opera—the Playhouse, the Parks or elsewhere,
Her beauty outrivals each beauty that's there;
And while, big with envy, her downfall they tell,
The village born beauty o'er all bears the belle.

But soon from indifference, caprice, or what not,—
She's turned on the world—by her keeper forgot;
Yet, fond to be flattered, and fettered in vice,
She's this man's, or that, as he comes to her price!
At length, growing stale, all her finery sold,
In the bloom of her youth, through disease, looking old,
Forsook by her lovers and sought for no more,
The village-born beauty becomes quite impure.

Up lanes and through alleys she now takes her way,
Expos'd to all weathers by night, and by day;
Cold, houseless, and shiv'ring, and wet to the skin,
With glass after glass, drowns her sorrows in gin!
Distress'd, sore, and ragged, sad, friendless, and poor,
She's borne to some garret, or workhouse obscure!
Breathes a prayer hope to Heav'n a sinner to save!
When the village-born beauty is laid in the grave.

Then pity, ye fair ones nor be too severe,
And give a frail sister, the boon of a tear!
When prone to condemn them, reflect, think awhile—
That the heart often bleeds when the heart wears a smile.
Think, too, how to beauty, they oft owe their fall,
And what may, through vice, be the fate of you all:
And O, while sweet innocence bears the proud sway,
May hell sieze the villian that smiles to betray.

In this old Chair.

In this old chair my father sat;
In this my mother smil'd;
I hear their blessings on me wait.
And feel myself a child:
I feel the kiss of their fond love,
Oh! joy too bright to last;
Ah! why will cruel time remove,
Or mem'ry paint the past?

And here, alas! when they were gone,
In beauty's own array,
A pitying angel on me shone
To chase each grief away;
But oh! it was delusive love,
Alas! too sweet, too pure to last
And if such dreams time must remove
Why, mem'ry paint the past.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

The Stolen Child.

Alone on the heather a fair child was straying,
Whose innocent features were brightened with joy;
And, as 'midst the flowers he careless was playing,
My heart yearned in love, and I spoke to the boy.
'Young stranger whence art thou?' his blue eyes upturning,
He answered 'My home is yon tent on the plain;
And ere the eve closes I must be returning,
Or they will not let me roam hither again.'
'Do thy parents await thee?' he paused, and the gladness
That mantled his brow was o'ershaded in gloom;
'I saw them but once;' and he added, with sadness,
They tell me that both are asleep in the tomb.

The gipsy is kind, but my mother was fonder;
She sang me so sweetly to rest in her arms
But now she is gone, and her darling must wander
Tho' the soft words she whisper'd my bosom still warms.
And soon will I seek them where both are reposing,
And take my best flowers to plant by their side,
That summer, when all their bright tints are unclosing,
May bless the green turf with their beauty and pride!'
He bounded away, as my tears were fast falling,
To think how the gipsy such love had beguiled:
I saw him no more, but the sad tale recalling,
I often remember the poor stolen child.

Allen-a-dale.

Allan-a-dale has no faggot for burning,
Allan-a-dale has no furrow for turning,
Allan-a-dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allan-a-dale has red gold for the winning.
Come read me my riddle, come, hearken my tale,
And tell me the craft of bold Allan-a-dale.

Allan-a-dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Allan-a-dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-Cross or Stanmore meets Allan-a-dale.

Allan-a-dale to his wooing is come,
The mother she asked of his house and his home.
"Tho' the castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allan, "shows gallanter still—
'Tis the blue vault of heav'n with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles" said Allan-a-dale.

The father was steel and the mother was stone,
They lifted the latch and bade him begone:
But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry,
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allan-a-dale.

Will you Love me then as now.

You have told me that you love me,
And your heart's thoughts seem to speak,
As you look on me so fondly,
And the life-blood tints your cheek.
May I trust that these warm feelings,
Never will grow cold and strange,
And you'll remain unalter'd
In this weary world of change!
When the shades of care and sorrow,
Dim my eyes and cloud my brow,
And my spirit sinks within me—
Will you love me then as now?

Though our youth may pass unclouded
In a peaceful happy home,
Yet as year on year advances,
Changes must upon us come.
For the step will lose its lightness,
And the hair be chang'd to grey;
Eyes once bright give up their lustre,
And the hopes of youth decay.
When all these have pass'd upon me,
And stern age has touch'd my brow,
Will the change find you unchanging,
Will you love me then as now?

The Irish Emigrant.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sung loud and high,
And the rose was on your lip Mary,
And the lovelight in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again!
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And the breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here:
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends:
But, oh! they love the better far,
The few our father sends;
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you darling,
In the land I'm going too;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods,
I'll sit and close my eyes,
And my heart will wander back again
To the place where Mary lies.
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn and the bright May morn,
When you were first my bride.

Together let us range the fields.

Together let us range the fields,
Impearl'd with the morning dew,
Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
Or the apples clustering bough;
There in close embower'd shades,
Impervious to the noonside ray,
By tinkling rills—or rosy beds,
We'll love the sultry hours away

The Christmas Log is burning

Hail to the night when we gather once more,
All the forms we love to meet,
When we've many a guest,
That's dear to our breast,
And the household dog at our feet.
Who would not be
In our circle of glee,
When heart to heart is yearning?
When joy breathes out
In the laughing shout,
While the Christmas log is burning!

'Tis one of the fairy hours of life,
When the world seems all of light;
For the thought of woe
Or the name of a foe,
Ne'er darkens a festive night.
When the bursting mirth
Rings round the hearth,
Oh, where is the spirit that's mourning?
While merry bells chime
With the carol-rhyme,
And the Christmas log is burning!

Then is the time when the grey old man
Looks back to the days of youth;
When brows and eyes
Bear no disguise,
But flash and gleam with truth.
Oh! then is the time
When the soul exults,
And seems right heavenward turning;
While we love and bless
The hands we press,
And the Christmas log is burning!

The Gipsy Child.

He sprang to life in a crazy tent,
Where the cold wind whistled thro' many a rent;
Rude was the voice, and rough were the hands
That soothed his wailings & swathed his bands.
No tissue of gold, no lawn was there,
No snowy robe for the new-born heir.
But the mother wept, and the father smiled
With heartfelt joy o'er their gipsy child.

He grows like the young oak, healthy and broad,
With no home but the forest, no bed but the sward;
Half naked he wades in the limpid stream,
Or dances about in the scorching beam.
The dazzling glare of the banquet sheen
Has never fallen on him, I ween;
Yet fragments are spread and the wood-fire piled,
And sweet is the meal of the gipsy child.

He wanders at large, while maidens admire,
His raven hair and his eyes of fire;
They mark his cheeks' rich tawny hue,
With the deep carnation flushing through:
He laughs aloud, and they covet his teeth,
All pure and white as their own pearl wreath;
And the courtly dame and the damsel mild
Will turn to gaze on the gipsy child

Up with the sun, he is roving along
Whistling to mimic the blackbird's song;
He wanders at nightfall to startle the owl,
And is baying again to the watch dog's howl.
His limbs are unshackled, his spirits are bold,
He is free from the evils of fashion and gold;
His dower is scant and his life is wild,
But kings might envy the gipsy child.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Katty, Darling.

The flowers they are blooming Katty, darling,
And the birds are singing on each tree,
Never mind your mother's cruel snarling,
My love you know I'm waiting for thee;
The sun is sweetly shining,
With his face so clear and bright,
Haste to your lover, Katty, darling.
Ere the morning will change to night.
Katty, Katty!
The flowers are, &c.

Meet me in the valley, Katty, darling
When the moon is shining o'er the sea,
Oh, meet me near the stream, Katty, darling,
And tales of love I'll tell unto thee;
When the twinkling stars are peeping,
Sure those eyes shine far more bright,
Oh, meet me in the valley, Katty, darling,
And our vows of love we'll pledge to night.
Katty, Katty!
The flowers are, &c.

Faith, I'm smiling at your fears, Katty, darling,
When you say, you can ne'er be mine,
I've sworn by the heavens, Katty, darling,
That this heart, love, alone was thine!
The sun is sweetly shining,
With his face so clear and bright,
Oh, come to your lover, Katty, darling
'Ere the morning will change to night.
Katty, Katty!
The flowers are, &c.

Answer to the Stolen Child.

Oh! weep not, so lady, thy tears are fast streaming,
How my heart seems to flutter while gazing on you.
Oh! take this bright nosegay, with hues brightly beaming,
They're fresh from the valleys and loaded with dew.
Oh, lady, has death called thy sister or brother,
Or gipsies more cruel, robb'd thee of thy boy?
I was stole from the arms of my own gentle mother,
My heart from that moment has never known joy.
Oh! wring not thy hands, can my presence alarm thee?
Does the sight of my wretchedness cause thee such woe?
Oh! not for bright worlds, dear lady, I'd harm thee,
Or cause for one moment those sad tears to flow.

I think, I remember my dear mother's dwelling,
The sweet shaded stream that flowed murmuring by,
The thoughts of that home my lone bosom is swelling,
And I still see the glance of my lov'd mother's eye.
In this locket I wear, the gipsies have told me,
Enclosed is a lock of my dear mother's hair;
But, alas! she is dead, and no more will behold me,
While down his wan cheek rolled the sorrowing tear.
Thy mother, she lives, my child! I have found him.
Oh, God! I have mourned thee in anguish and pain,
Her arms in wild transports she fondly clasp'd round him,
No more cruel gipsies shall part us again.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

The Husband's Dream.

"Why Dermot you look healthy now,
your dress is neat and clean,
I never see you drunk about, oh!
tell me where you've been;
Your wife and family all are well, you
once did use them strange,
Oh! are you kinder to them grown,
how came this happy change?"
"It was a dream,—a warning voice,
which Heaven sent to me,
To snatch me from the drunkard's
curse, grim death and misery;
My wages are all spent in drink, oh!
what a wretched view,
I almost broke my Mary's heart, and
starved my children too.

"What was my home or wife to me?
I heeded not her sigh,
Her patient smile has welcom'd me,
when tears bedim'd her eye,
My children, too, have oft awoke, 'oh!
father, dear' they've said,
Poor mother has been weeping so, be-
cause we've had no bread.'
"My Mary's form did waste away, I
saw her sunken eye;
On straw my babes in sickness laid,
I heard their wailing cry;
I laugh'd and sung in drunken joy,
while Mary's tears did stream,
Then like a beast I fell asleep, and
had this warning dream:—

"I thought once more I stagger'd home
there seem'd a solemn gloom,
I miss'd my wife, where can she be?
and stranger's in the room!
I heard them say, 'poor thing she's
dead, she led a wretched life,
Grief and want has broke her heart,
who'd be a drunkard's wife.'
"I saw my children weeping round,
I scarcely drew my breath,
They call'd and kiss'd her lifeless
form, for ever still'd in death;
Oh! father come and wake her up,
the people say she's dead,
Oh! make her smile and speak once
more, we'll never cry for bread.'

"'She is not dead,' I frantic cried,
and rush'd to where she lay,
And madly kiss'd her once warm lips,
For ever cold as clay;
Oh! Mary speak one word to me, no
more I'll cause you pain,
No more I'll grieve your loving heart,
nor ever drink again.
Dear Mary speak, 'tis Dermot calls,
'why, so I do,' she cried;
I woke, and true, my Mary dear, was
kneeling by my side;
I press'd her to my throbbing heart
while joyous tears did stream,
And ever since I've Heaven bless'd
for sending me that dream."

We yet may Meet again.

Tho' sorrow's cloud is o'er us now,
And I must soon depart,
In foreign lands for many years,
To roam with aching heart;
We yet may hope that store of bliss,
In joy for us remain,
And tho' we part in anguish now,
We yet may meet again.

For well I now when far away,
Thou oft will think of me;
For truth was in thy gentle voice,
And breathes "I'll live for thee."
Then faithful still in every clime,
We'll wake the cheering strain:
Tho' distance may divide us now,
We yet may meet again.

Who deeply drinks of wine.

Gaily still my moments roll,
While I quaff the flowing bowl;
Care can never reach the soul
Who deeply drinks of wine.

See the lover, pale with grief,
Bind his brow with willow leaf,
But his heart soons finds relief
From drinking deep of wine.

Eyes of fire, lips of dew,
Cheeks that shame the rose's hue,
What are these to me, or you?
Who deeply drinks of wine.

The Wife's Dream.

Now tell me, Mary how it is that you
can look so gay,
When evening after evening your husband is away?
I never see you sulk or pout, or say
an angry word,
And yet you've plenty of cause for
tears, if all be true I've heard.
It is because, my sister dear, a husband you ne'er wed,
Nor saw your children gathering round
and asking you for bread;
You ne'er can know how it becomes
a woman's lot through life,
To be, e'en to a drunkard's faults a
patient loving wife.

And yet I can recall the time when
bitter tears I shed,
And when my husband stagger'd
home what angry words I said;
I never thought that I could be as
cheerful now I seem,
Yet this happy change was brought
about by a simple little dream.
One ev'ning as I sat beside our humble cottage door,
And listened for my husband's step
as oft I'd done before,
Some wretched thoughts came in my
mind, and bitterly I said,
never wish to see him more, oh,
would that he were dead.

They say the wretched cannot sleep,
yet surely it is not so,
For very soon I fell asleep 'mid tears
of grief and woe.
I dream'd I had my wish fulfill'd my
husband was no more,
I fell upon his lifeless form, and
kiss'd him o'er and o'er,
Oh Dermot, darling, speak to me I
meant not what I said,
Oh speak one word unto your wife,
Say, say, you are not dead!
And sure I'm not, my Mary dear I
woke up with a scream,
And found my husband standing by:
his death was but a dream!
And since that time, whene'er I feel
disposed to be unkind,
The warning of that fatal dream
comes fresh before my mind,
And tho' it cost me many a pang to
know the life he leads,
I try to greet him with a smile, when
oft my poor heart bleeds,
I'll humbly put my trust in God and
ask for strength to bear
The trials that He sends on earth for
all of us to share;
And if by patience I can change, my
husband's wand'ring life,
I'll bless the hour that dream was
sent to his neglected wife.

Have Faith in one another.

Have faith in one another, (name,
When ye meet in friendship's
For a true friend is a brother, (same;
And your heart should throb the
Tho' your paths in life should differ,
Since the hour when first ye met.
Have faith in one another,
Ye may need that friendship yet.
Have faith in one another,
When ye whisper love's fond vow,
It may not always summer be,
Or all as bright as now;
And when winter time comes o'er ye,
And one kindred heart ye share,
And have faith in one another,
Ye shall never know despair.

Have faith in one another,
For should doubt alone incline,
It would make this world a desert,
Where the sun would never shine;
We have all some transient sorrow,
That o'er shadows us to-day,
But have faith in one another,
And it soon will pass away.
Have faith in one another,
And let honor be your guide,
Let the truth be always spoken,
Whatsoever may betide;
The false may reign a season,
And oh! doubt not but it will,
Let have faith in one another,
And the truth shall triumph still.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

The Old Mill Stream.

And is this the old mill stream that, ten years ago,
Was so fast in its current, so pure in the flow,
Whose musical waters would ripple and shine,
With the glorious dash of a minature Rhine.
Can this be its bed? I remember it well,
When it sparkled like silver thro' meadow and dell;
And is this, &c.

And where is the miller's house peaceful abode!
Where the flower turn'd porch, drew all eyes from the road;
Where roses and jessamine embower'd a door,
That never was closed to the way-worn or poor,
Where the miller, God bless him! oft gave us a dance,
And led off the ball with his soul in a glance.
And is this, &c.

The mill is in ruins, no welcoming sound,
In the mastiff's quick bark and the wheel's dashing round;
The house, too, forgotten and left to decay,
And the miller long dead—all I lov'd pass'd away!
This plain-place of childhood was grav'd on my heart,
In rare paradise colours that now must depart:
The old water mill's gone, the fair vision is fled,
And I weep o'er its wreck as I do for the dead.

My Bark is bounding near.

Oh! listen, dearest lady,
It is thine one calls,
Pale stars are o'er thee shining,
Dim twilight round thee falls.
Come, come, this heart awaits thee,
My lady love appear,
Come fly with me across the lake,
My bark is bounding near.
Come fly, &c.

Oh! hasten, dearest lady,
As o'er yon tide we rove,
Each silvery wave shall echo,
Sweet notes of minstrel love,
And vows of truth I'll breathe to thee
I'll kiss away each tear;
Then fly with me across the lake,
My bark is bounding near.
Then fly, &c.

I'd be a Gipsy.

I'd be a Gipsy merry and free,
Roving abroad like the bird or the bee;
Naught to control me, spoitive and wild, (child.
All thro' the summer day free as a
All through the summer day free as a child.
What are the bright halls of splendour and pleasure,
What are the saloons of the brilliant and gay?
They cannot render the life-giving treasure, (convey.
That freedom and health to the rovers
I'd be a Gipsy merry and free,
Roving abroad like a bird or the bee,
Naught to control me, sportive and wild, (child.
All thro' the summer day free as a
All through the summer day free a child.

I'd be a Gipsy, when the blue sky,
Ting'd with the stars that shine brightly on high;
The turf for my pillow, and all the night long, (song.
Lull'd to repose by the nightingale's
Lull'd to repose by the nightingale's song.
Roving all day where the merry band wander'd, (fair,
Telling the fate of the brave and the
Shunning the world and the wealth that is squandered; (air.
With coin just enough to be free as
I'd be a Gipsy &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Take back those Gems.

Take back those gems you gave me,
I prized them but for thee,
Thou art changed and they no longer,
Possess one charm for me;
Alas! they but remind me
Of bright hopes past away,
Oh! leave me sad remembrance,
That dream of yesterday.
Thou canst not call me faithless,
For never word of mine
Was breathed or lightly spoken,
Say, was it so with thine?

And yet I'll not upbraid thee,
My presence shall not throw
One cloud upon thy pathway,
One shadow on thy brow;
Go mingle with the thoughtless,
And revel with the gay!
Oh, leave that sad remembrance,
That dream of yesterday!
My last farewell is spoken,
One sad word lingers yet,
Although my voice might falter—
My heart would say forget.

Farewell to thee, Land of my Birth.

Farewell to thee, land of my birth,
Farewell to thee, childhood's dear home;
All thy sweet charms 'mid sadness and mirth,
Will haunt me wherever I roam.
Ties of affection now must be broken,
Links that have bound me for many a year;
Oft as I gaze on ev'ry lov'd token,
Fancy will ever waft me here.
Farewell to thee, &c.

Night gathers round, deeper the shade,
Valleys and hills fade with the light,
Sleep, gentle sleep, lend me thy aid,
In dreams bring them back to my sight;
What tho' I go where wealth is displaying
All its enchantment over the mind,
'Mid the gay halls my thoughts will be straying
Back to the scenes I leave behind
Farewell to thee, &c

Cigars and Cogniac.

He who wears a regimental suit,
Is oft as poor as any raw recruit,
But what of that?
Girls will follow when they hear the drum,
To view the tasse. and the waving plume,
That deck his hat!
Oh, he will sing, when he is not on duty,
Smoke a cigar and flirt with some gay beauty.
Oh! vive l'amour! cigars and cogniac
Hurra, hurra, hurra, with ease we'll bivouac.
Oh! vive l'amour, &c.

When we march into a country town,
Prudes may fly from us and dames may frown;
All that's absurd!
When we march away we leave behind,
Prudes and dames that have been vastly kind,
Pray take my word.
Off, off we go, and tell them we're on duty,
Smoke a cigar and seek for some new beauty.
Oh, vive l'amour, &c.

Then at night with victory crown'd,
And stretch'd upon the battle ground,
We bivouac;
Reliev'd from fighting then at ease we rest,
The ground our bed, tho' hard, is the best,
That we can get.
Oh! then we sing when we have done our duty,
Smoke our cigars and think of home or beauty.
Oh, vive l'amour, &c

Don't be too particular.

Don't be too particular
When you come to woo,
Lay aside your spectacles,
Worthy bachelors, do!
When wives are young and dutiful,
Honeymoon's pleasures abound;
But who would wish for a beautiful
Honeymoon all the year round?
Then don't be too particular,
But be kind and true,
Don't look out for miracles,
Very few wise men do.

Then there comes a prattler,
All your days to delight;
In your ears a rattler,
Keeps you awake all night!
Having all day been labouring,
Tired and fagged as a horse,
Alas! such piping and jab'ring,
Is very unpleasant of course.
Yet don't be too particular,
And cry, "When will it stop!"
But cover your head with a pillow,
And sleep away like a top!

Then there comes a boy or two,
How they increase your joys!
Each must have a toy or two,
But you soon get used to their noise,
Tom on the fiddle is strumming,
Down he trips on the floor,
Over Jack, who is fifing and drumming,
And both of them set up a roar.
But don't be too particular,
Though his nose he break,
A bit of brown paper and vinegar
Will make it all right in a week

When, your children growing up,
Try to make you amends,
All their lessons showing up,
Bore your visiting friends!
Clawing, climbing, tumbling,
Chattering, squalling in tears,
Guests, though frowning and grumbling,
Praise the sweet little dears.
But don't be too particular,
Children are sweeter than life,
And if you'd have peace in your family,
Never offend your wife,

Life is like a lottery,
Married men are wise;
The timid, who won't have a ticket,
Can never expect a prize.
I'm not quite a dunce,
And I offer my advice,
If you have thought of it once,
I'd have you think on't twice;
But don't be too particular,
Pluck up your courage and try,
Follow my rule and example,
And you'll be as happy as I.

Bonny English Rose.

Old England's emblem is the Rose,
There is no other flower
Hath half the beauties that adorn
This beauty of the bower,
And England's daughters are as fair
As any bud that blows—
What son of hers who has not loved
Some bonny English Rose.

Who hath not heard of one sweet flower,
The first among the fair,
For whose welfare a British heart
Hath breathed a fervent prayer?
O! may it never be her lot
To lose that sweet repose—
That peace of mind—which blesses now
The bonny English Rose.

If any bold enough there be
To war 'gainst England's Isle,
They soon shall find, for British hearts,
What charms hath woman's smile.
Thus nerved, the thunder of their arms
Would teach aspiring foes,
How vain the power that defies
The bonny English Rose.

Now heaven's decreed her to the throne,
'Twill be the nation's prayer,
That in each joy she yet hath known
Her heart may ever share;
That health may long light up her brow,
And, as time onward flows,
It still may be our pride to sing—
"The bonny English Rose."

Beneath her sway may every land
Where she dominion holds,
Be happy as the glorious Isle
Where Freedom's flag unfolds;
From sea to shore, from shore to sea,
The song of gladness flows,
And, O! may heaven for ever bless
The bonny English Rose.

Maiden, why so sad?

Maiden, why so sad and lonely?
Why those oft-repeated sighs?
Is it hope deferr'd, or only
Fancied woes that dew thine eyes?
Young and lovely, all thy moments
Ought to fleet on golden wings;
And thy pure heart's rich endowments
Teach thee scorn of trifling things.